14.5

Youth

MARCH 3, 1963

Teen dancer in Pakistan

[illegible]n or myth from Arabia?

Negro scholar to Oxford

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

Pacific School of Religion

. . . an american teen/fol

To teen-agers absorbed with the twist, the limbo or the pony, names dances like Ala-ripu, Maunipuri, Darbari and Luddi don't mean a thi But to pretty, 17-year-old Brooks Minton they spell an engrossin if haustive, pastime which made her one of the best-known Amer te agers in Pakistan.

Brooks, the first American girl to become really talented at these tra tional Pakistani dances, performed for dozens of cultural festivals a charity events in Karachi, Dacca and Lahore, and danced before Pakista president, the king of Malaya, U. S. Ambassador William Roundtree a numerous ministers. She was certainly one of the most unusual of good-v ambassadors in the trouble-ridden country of Pakistan.

Back in her home in Indiana, after four and one-half years in Pakist Brooks is able to compare the life of a Yankee teen-ager in Pakistan w life in America, and there are some strange comparisons.

One of the most obvious is the relationship between the teen and automobile. "The thing I really can't get used to is teen-agers drivin she says. "Most of the girls here in Indianapolis drive to school. In first place," she explains, "in Pakistan the minimum age to drive is

dancer of pakistan

Secondly, few Pakistani families have even one car. Thirdly, if you hit and killed someone, the whole family was shipped out in 24 hours."

In Pakistan, U. S. teen-agers probably had more parties than youths in this country because there wasn't much else to do. However, there were movies of the "late show" era—"Blue Hawaii," "Blood and Roses," "Road to Hong Kong," and "Five Pennies"—which were inexpensive, about ten cents for the cheapest seats, and a main fare for the Pakistanis. They delighted in the color photography and the singing and dancing and often went to see the same movie several times.

Since Brooks was "on the spot" as an American in Pakistan, she didn't wear Bermuda shorts or sunback dresses on the streets. Such things are frowned on by the Pakistanis. There was dating, of course, among the American teen-agers in Karachi. "I like dating," says Brooks, "but living in Pakistan tended to make me a bit Puritanical. I don't think girls should date before 16."

Teen-age life, as Americans know it, is almost non-existent among the vast majority of Pakistanis, Brooks relates. "The main difference is that girls are kept very secluded and are not allowed to mingle with boys.

Among my girl students, Miss Minton has attained the greatest skill in dancing. Although she has received standard training, she has shown greater aptitude and skill than Pakistani girls," writes Brooks' dancing teacher. While in Pakistan Brooks became so proficient in the native dances that she performed before many government officials. Now that she has returned to the United States, Brooks finds little time for her dancing. She is just beginning to catch on to American slang and is still amazed at the number of teen-age drivers. She poses here in her living room in Indianapolis, sitting in a Pakistani wedding chair as she looks at the Koran, which she brought back with her.

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The house in which Brooks and her family lived i Karachi is one of the few which has electricity. It w built especially for lease to Americans. Brooks mad friends with many of the native children while she w there, and enjoyed giving them candy for a special trea

Usually they're married by my age. Most of the young people work by the time they're nine or so. You have early marriages and arranged marriages and no dating except among the very modern people, and that's such a small percentage it's almost non-existent. But they're very fond of rock 'n roll. The twist had just hit when I left. It was very popular," she says.

The story of how Brooks learned more about Pakistani dances than about the twist began when she was about 13. She is the daughter of Dr. Sherman Minton, Jr., nationally known Indiana University herpetologist,* who went to the Jinnah Hospital in Karachi under the International Co-operation Administration in the summer of 1958.

Another American girl in Karachi asked Brooks to accompany her to the dancing school of Ghanashyam Laxman Jaynagarkar, one of the leading Pakistani dancers. Although intrigued by the dances, Brooks found the seemingly simple movements very difficult to do at first try. "But I found I liked it a lot. I was determined to do it," she recalls. And so she did. She attended dancing class six days a week and practiced sometimes as much as six hours daily. In the end she was successful.

"Among my girl students, Miss Minton has attained the greatest skill in dancing. Though she has received standard training, she has shown greater aptitude and skill than Pakistani girls," wrote Ghanashyam. His comments appeared in an article on Brooks in *Panorama*, a magazine published by the United States Information Service to promote understanding and friendship between Americans and the people of Pakistan.

"I'm still learning for that matter," says Brooks. "Some styles take seven years to learn. It entails not only the steps, but movements of the neck, hands, body, eyes and changes in expression. The rhythmic pattern is very intricate and it requires a lot of exercise. It's hard physical labor. And when you have a show you have to put in hours of practice before that." The dances are done to exotic drum rhythms with music by the saringa, flutes, the harmonium and the sitar. For some dances Oriental incense is burned and Oriental rugs are used.

Although Brooks wore subdued make-up on the streets, her dancing introduced her to the colorful Pakistani make-up. "All the women from the babies on up wear kajal—that's lamp black put into the eyes. You put it on the end of a stick and put the stick in the corner of the eye, close the eye and pull it across. It takes practice. Around the eye they wear khol, which is eye shadow. It's very pretty. Even the men wear it in the outlying districts. Lipstick is worn only by the modern Pakistani."

* A branch of zoology related to the study of reptiles and amphibians.

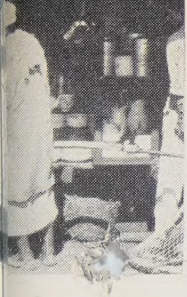
Brooks attended the Karachi American School, a private school forme by the American colony and supported by tuitions. There were about 1(students in Brook's high school which was conducted in a Pakistani hous "The houses come big over there," explains Brooks.

Pakistani students also attended if they could meet the requirements tuition and the ability to speak passable English. Some of these nativ students came to the school because they planned to go abroad or we recipients of scholarships given to qualifying Pakistanis who intended go to college in the U. S. Children of foreign embassy employees or foreigners in business in Karachi also attended the school.

In addition to numerous Pakistani friends, Brooks had close friends fro other countries. They included Eva Melin from Sweden, Tulin Gutan fro Turkey, and Rani Mandaag from Indonesia. "I enjoyed asking questio about how they lived in their countries," she says. "My favorite subject wa Spanish, but I like all foreign languages." Brooks learned the Urdu la guage which is spoken in the Karachi area. "I sailed there and we had yacht club. I also like to do water colors. And I enjoy travel, of course Brooks declares.

The school had extra-curricular activities, including a drama club, che club, glee club, yearbook and newspaper. There was a sports program the boys played other clubs and organizations in Karachi, including mil tary units—but there was no physical education program. There also wa no art program. This was because the school day in Karachi lasted onl from 8 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. Activities in the afternoon were out of th question because of temperatures soaring to 110 or 115 degrees.

There were difficulties for Brooks. One was size. At 5 feet, 8 inch tall she felt like a giant among the normally diminutive Pakistani peopl This was especially difficult in dancing with her teacher who was 5 f 4 inches tall. Another problem was language. "I guess we didn't ha slang. You have to learn to drop idioms. I tried to explain 'whale the ta out' to my dance teacher and I just gave up. I had to learn to expre myself simply.



Brooks painted a mural (far left) on the porch of her home in the Pakistani style of art expression. A typical market place scene in Karachi contrasts sharply with the American shopping center. While on a camping trip (right), Brooks, her father and sisters, and their bearer, adopt the British habit of afternoon tea.

"I'm quite fond of Pakistani clothing. They go in for the more garish things, but strangely enough they fit in the atmosphere there," says Brooks. "You buy the cloth and hire a tailor for $2 a day and sit him down on the front porch and show him a picture in a magazine or show him the fabric and you say 'make this.' We had a very good tailor."

Brook's front porch was part of a home which included a large living room, kitchen, three baths, three bedrooms, two verandas, a study, servants' quarters and storage rooms. The house was built especially for renting to Americans. However, some of the Pakistani homes are much larger, built to include apartments for each of the master's several wives, and with high ceilings to allow the sultry air to rise.

Pets of Brooks, her mother, and her ten-year-old sister, Holly, included a python which, when brought home in a sack from the market place, turned out to be 7 feet long, a mongoose, ant eater, porcupine and lizard.

Now that Brooks is back in America she has shelved temporarily one idea she had. "I wanted to teach people here who are interested in the dances, but I have no space or time. You need something about the size of a gymnasium." She also has another difficulty. "I'm ribbed about my accent. I speak with a decided British accent, for the English spoken in Pakistan is a British English. And I am much more formal than the kids at the high school."

Meanwhile, Brooks is receiving requests to give slide talks on her life in Pakistan, and invitations to perform some of the intricate, exotic dances, so there's no boredom. "Many Americans missed the States," she recalls. "I didn't. In fact, I'd like to go back in another five years or so to see how things have changed. I just found so many outside interests there and I believe that when you're living in a foreign country you should conform—you know, 'when in Rome.' "

That's probably how Karachi will remember—one of the few Americans who conformed so well that she became an outstanding performer of Pakistan's difficult art of dancing.

—FRED D. CAVINDER

FLIGHT FOUR REPORTING.....

Our Christian faith tells us little about angels, particularly those Guardian Angels who, we like to think, are always hovering near each of us. But if there are such heavenly beings, and if they share the problems by letter and not angel-graph, one angel in Flight Four might be starting a correspondence with another angel over your town any day now.

May 7, 1963

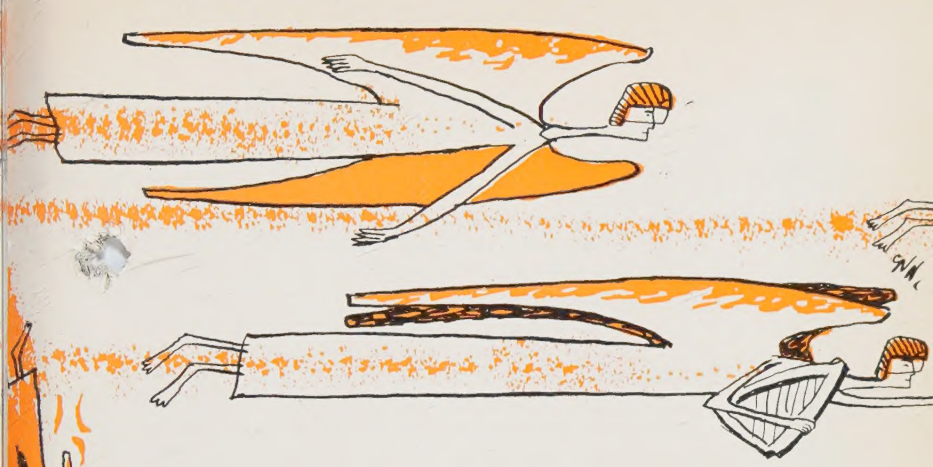
Dear Seraphina,

You and I are spending a good deal of time hovering near each other these days. I suppose this will be our assignment as long as your Connie and my Joe keep "going steady" (or is "going steadily" the proper earth way to say it?). They do make a nice couple, don't they? But how will we ever learn to understand their immaturity? It seems more troublesome with teenagers than even good old-fashioned sin. I really must apologize for the way Joe started acting yesterday when he saw Connie in the stands.

I think the Judge (if that's the correct earthword for the man in the blue suit) was right to throw him out of the game. Even if the third strike did float in rather high from where I looked down on it, that was no excuse for what Joe said, despite its religious flavor! All he seems to want to do is catch Connie's eye, and prove what a hero he is. You should hear his prayers! I thought for a while he was turning religious. But it's, "God help me look good . . ." and "God let me at least not strike out . . ." and so on.

Have you any insights from the female viewpoint?

—*Mithrael*



May 8

Dear Mithrael,

Frankly, I hoped *you* had the answer on these young people. Unfortunately, Connie's mind seems to run just like Joe's, although the language is different. Her friends—girls she's been close to for years—can't get a word in edgeways. When she isn't talking about Joe, she is dreaming of him and quite impervious to friendship, good advice, or even plain conversation.

It shows through in all she does, making her edgy at home, indifferent in school. And as for praying, whatever happened to all the training we thought they got in Pastor Planck's Confirmation Class? All we hear from our Connie these days is, ". . . suppose he sees me . . . suppose he *doesn't* see me . . . suppose he sees *her* . . ." If an anguished cry makes a prayer, she's praying hard!

How can we show them something outside themselves in our Father's world, and beyond?

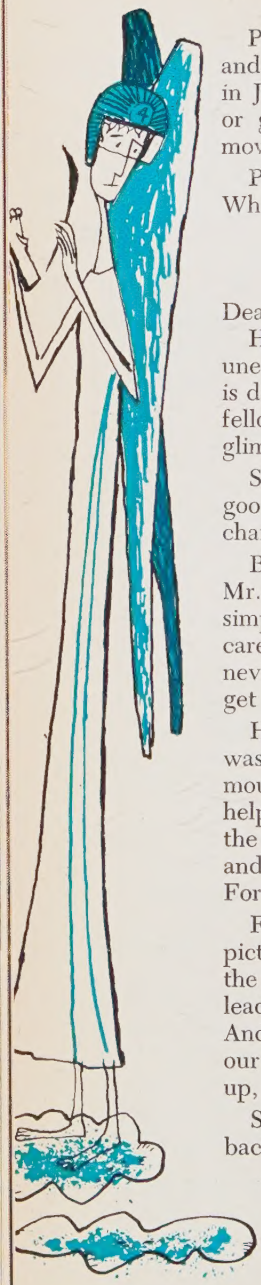
—*Seraphina*

May 20

Dear Seraphina,

"Outside themselves . . ." That was the phrase in your letter which stuck in my mind. Of course, Joe thought he was making progress last week when I got him to listen for a moment to his church school teacher.

"Pray for others," Mr. Rollins told them. So Joe, in a prompt burst of energy, began praying for—the rest of the baseball team! And if I steer him into the sanctuary after church school, he goes in a cloud of spiritual vagueness. "God bless all the people overseas," he muses, "and all the missionaries, and the church."



Pink prayers, I call them: no relation on earth with real l
and its issues; no connection with the actual new foreign stude
in Joe's math class, or the missions rally he skipped for a da
or going so far as to give the church any part of his law
mowing money.

Pink prayers! All new-born and 'pretty' and stre[illegible]thle
What in Heaven can we do with them?

—*Mithrael*

June

Dear Mithrael,

Here we are at Mount Mayflower (whoever makes up the
unearthly camp names, anyway?) and I must say that the Spi
is doing in four days what four years in church school and you
fellowship have only set the scene for. Our girl Connie m
glimpse the Truth, at last.

She could hardly bear to leave Joe, as we learned from th
good-bye kiss! And when she found she had been assigned
chance to a class on—of all things—Prayer, she really sulked.

But blessings on the good Angel who suggested this qu
Mr. Wilson as a leader! He has been praying all his life,
simply and earnestly as he talks to his own family. Not ev
careful about his grammar! Some of these young people h
never heard a real prayer before—only those purple poems
get from the pulpit on Sundays.

He started by asking them, "When did Jesus pray?". The
was quite a flutter in our Flight when they replied with unan
mous silence and some embarrassment, too! So he patient
helped them look up the passages: the Temptation, the Baptis
the choosing of the Twelve, the nights alone on the hillside .
and so on through all the pictures which we can never forg
For these youngsters, it was a new world!

Finally, Mr. Wilson led them, just this morning, to the fearf
picture of the Garden of Gethsemane. They talked together, a
the words, "Thy will be done," echoed in the air. Then the
leader told them very simply about his own experiences of Trut
And right where they sat, these young people began to talk wi
our Father. Connie's spirit seemed as light as my own, soari
up, up, up.

So, Mithrael, you may find our girl changed when we
back. Can you do something to get Joe ready for a Vision?

—*Seraphina*

July 13

Dear Seraphina,

Connie and her Vision was just a little too much for Joe, I'm afraid. He only thought of her as a sight for sore eyes. Working with this highway construction crew has toughened his spiritual hide mightily. There are some twists to "not being goody-goody" which he'd never dreamed of until he met this gang!

If it hadn't been for the state youth advisor, I'm afraid Joe might have hardened into a seasoned 16-year-old cynic. He was all set to say, "Sorry, but I like my freedom," to the local youth fellowship when Pastor Richards called him long distance and asked him to help plan the worship services at the state retreat.

I helped Joe with his memory, fast. Connie would be there, wouldn't she? She'd probably be elected a state officer, no? Joe could really make an impression, up in front of everyone, couldn't he? So he was off and running. Good old Joe, the Faith-Commission faithful! That's his new self-image.

Listen, Angel, we'll have to make this stick! Here's a real subject for Connie's prayers.

—*Mithrael.*

July 19

Dear Mithrael,

Don't be naive! Connie has been praying for this since the end of camp! But honestly, it isn't just, "Let Joe be there!" Most of the time she asks, "Let Joe find what I found at camp."

Now it's your turn.

—*Seraphina*

July 23

Dear Seraphina,

Joe is having a hard time preparing these worship services. He wants to do a good job but can't seem to get into the spirit of it. He's wondering if he's done the wrong thing by using his image as worship leader to make an impression.

And he's having an especially hard time writing prayers. But he's asking questions. How can you pray to God when you're not quite sure he's there? What if you're not on speaking terms with God? How do you get to know him? What do you say in his presence? What if your vocabulary doesn't include pious-sounding words? How big do your thoughts and requests have to be to get God's attention? Or does he hear everything from everyone?

Hold on to your halo, Seraphina. My Joe has decided to talk

to your Connie about prayer. It'll give him a topic of conversation on their next date. Some fun!

—*Mithrael.*

July 25

Dear Mithrael,

Sorry about our collision today. My ending up in your arms was strictly accidental. Let's keep the holy record straight. I wasn't watching where I was going. I meant nothing personal. Don't harbor any wrong ideas (for you and I are above such earthly intentions), despite the touching nearness of our two wards.

Today I simply got carried away with my Connie's latest efforts to teach your Joe some sense about life. I did a flip when she told him, "You can't impress me or anyone else with big words. So you can't impress God with fancy vocabulary. What I like most about you, Joe, is your sincerity. You're honest. You respect me. And so I respect you. What better way to impress God? Be sincere. Speak to God as if he were the only friend you can trust."

"But, Connie, what if I have my doubts about God sometimes? How can I hide my feelings?"

And my Connie replied, "You can't hide your feelings from God. You don't even do a good job hiding your feelings from me. If you can't fool me, you certainly can't fool God."

God seems so personal to Connie. And Joe knows it.

And now you can see why we collided. I was (excuse the earthly expression) on Cloud Nine! Besides, you ought to watch out where you're going the next time!

—*Seraphina*

July 27

Dear Seraphina,

You women (excuse the expression) are all alike!

—*Mithrael.*

July 29

Dear Mithrael,

Now I know why most earthlings have the impression that angels are feminine. Sometimes, Mithrael, you're far from angelic. And now, please be about our Father's business.

—*Seraphina*

August 24

Dear Seraphina,

Let's give three Hallelujahs for Pastor Richards. For once, here's a youth leader who lets youth lead! It is wonderful how Joe has blossomed in the planning of these retreat worship services.

Your friends in Flight 17 were right. His first motives for playing the Lord Himself in the Galilean Service *were* secretly selfish. But his purpose began to change when he had to memorize parts of the Sermon on the Mount, repeating, "go into your room . . . pray to your Father who is in secret . . . do not heap up empty phrases . . . your Father knows what you need before you ask him . . ."

And then came the high point. At the end of those memorized words on prayer, he recited, "Pray then like this: Our Father who art in heaven . . ." And suddenly, Seraphina, as the campers joined in with him, the words weren't Joe's any more, or theirs; they were Jesus' words, living today as you and I have heard them come alive so many times, so many places.

This has been a thankful day for me.

—*Mithrael.*

August 26

Dear Mithrael,

Let me add my word of thanks, too. Do you remember that closing friendship circle two nights ago? Of course, all through the retreat Connie had been terribly proud of Joe's leadership. And I'm sure she sensed without expressing it Whose leadership it had really been. Then when she clasped hands with Marian in that awkward friendship circle daisy-chain, Connie suddenly

realized that her love for Joe had expanded, and that she could now share her love for him with all the group. He realized it, too, didn't he: a larger love, a love without jealousy?

It was a good Retreat. I wonder now if we can begin some real infiltration into the first fall weeks of youth fellowship: that whirl of hayrides and initiation parties and wiener roasts they're planning?

—*Seraphina.*

September 14

Dear Seraphina,

Infiltration is tough, when you try it alone! With Connie gone to state officers' meeting, Joe had a hard struggle Friday night at Youth Fellowship Cabinet. They were in a jam—two days before their first "regular" meeting, and no program planned. So they turned to faithful Pastor Planck for an emergency fill-in. He offered to condense the three lectures he gave last spring to the Loyal Ladies' League, and they accepted.

What an opportunity for a pastor, but didn't you feel tonight's meeting was a let-down? We should have known the sainted soul would just resurrect that four-part outline from seminary days—"Prayer as Adoration, Prayer as Confession, Prayer as Thanksgiving, Prayer as Supplication." And how warmly he smiled as he waited for them to guess the acrostic A-C-T-S he had given them. ACTS? Pastor Planck made prayer sound like a Latin declension. I did rustle my wings at one spot, though, when Joe asked that groping question, "You mean Adoration is important because we look at Him, and not at us?"

I wish Pastor Planck could have sensed the struggle in Joe's spirit, as he tried to express some new Truth so the group could understand it. The Pastor could have given them some wonderful insights from Psalm 42 and Isaiah 6 and . . . well, instead, he said, "Yes, that's right, Joe"; and glanced at his watch; and Joe's struggle died aborning.

—*Mithrael*

October 3

Dear Mithrael,

I should have guessed that our answer would come from an unexpected source (He loves to work that way, doesn't He?). Doubtless your Flight Four was as worried as we were in Flight 17 when the Cabinet decided on another three-meeting series on "Dating." The kids seem to think, "Well, that's all we're interested in anyway, so we might as well be interested in it at youth fellowship, too!"

I'm glad they got Pastor Richards in to present the theme. Did you sense the stir among the young people around the room (which was just an echo of our stir *above* the room) when he talked about true love? "We love when we love a *person*. We love when we love to be our best and do our best for that person. Love is not asking what I can get, but what I can give."

It was at that point that Connie's feminine mind (if we made such distinctions Up Here, could I brag just a bit about the feminine intuition?) leaped back to that dry lecture of Pastor Planck's. I could almost hear her murmur, "Why, love is like praying! Love is mostly adoration. Adoration first, and then thanksgiving! And we're sorry, too, for the times when we have hurt our loved one. And when we ask, it isn't for Me, Me, Me: it's for him, or for some one else, or for us."

Well, it was only a flash. But did you see the real glow on her face, as Joe walked her home? And that helps my glow, too!

—*Seraphina.*

October 4, 1963

Dear Seraphina,

As I remarked some months ago, they *do* make a fine couple!

For me, the real break-through came when Joe stayed up late to write a theme, after that glow-ey walk. Thank goodness for a teacher who occasionally loosens up with an essay topic like, "Things Which Matter to Me."

Well, Joe rose to the occasion. His prose is amateurish; but I think it takes real courage for any junior in high school to put these words on paper: "*To sum up, prayer is one of the things which matters most to me. This is because I seem to find lately that when I am still and listen to God, that then He seems to be able to show me where to go, and how to act, and what to do around people. I think Jesus must have known this when He did so much praying to His Father.*"

It isn't so much the phrases which touched me, Seraphina. It was Joe's thoughts and even prayers as he wrote the words. He was thinking hard about Connie, but in a new way. He was thinking of all the kids in the youth fellowship, and all the baseball team, as real people, with real problems, real hopes, and (though he didn't quite think it out) real souls.

For a few minutes, Joe began a new road which he will be taking often in the days ahead. He was starting down the road which leads from love to Love. Won't it be good for Connie and you and me to go along with him? —*Mithrael.*

As Dictated to William Gay.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, *produced by Sam Spiegel, directed by David Lean, starring Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Quayle, Claude Rains, Omar Sharif, Jose Ferrer, Arthur Kennedy; released through Columbia Pictures.*

Do you ever want desperately to do something that you alone feel is right and that you alone think can be done? Everyone else calls you a "nut." You become so obsessed with the idea and with your own unique role that you feel alone against the world. If you fail, you're a fool. But when an oddball by his deeds proves himself to be right, he becomes a hero. And in the case of Lawrence of Arabia, a legend.

During World War I, no one in his right mind could have imagined that a philosophical archaeologist, Thomas Edward Lawrence, could single-handedly organize the roaming, rivaling Arab desert tribes into a fighting force that would drive the Turkish army out of the Middle East. Yet that

is the stuff of which the legend of Lawrence has grown. But behind the legend is a complex, controversial human being.

It's a tribute to the craftsmen who made the movie, "Lawrence of Arabia," that at the end of four hours both a long and short time, the viewer senses the complexity of Lawrence, feels he understands him and his varying moods, and yet upon further reflection realizes "El Aurens," as the Arabs called him, remains as much a mystery as he did to those who knew him firsthand.

The sweeping sands of Arabia share the honors with Lawrence in the film, for to understand a man, one needs to know the land he walks on and the air he breathes. Viewed through the discerning and sensitive lens of veteran Cameraman Fred Young and filmed on actual desert sites in Jordan and also on location in Morocco and Spain, the desert scenes are incomparable in their beauty, awesome in the desolation of those vast sand-

lands, the white heat of the sun, and merciless storms of wind and sand Yet without these purposefully-lengthy scenes, the viewer could not full sense the fearlessness, the plodding determination, the god-like, almost in sufferable, self-assurance of Lawrence as he performed the improbabl "miracle." Thus, as he and his small, but fanatically-devoted, band o tribesmen advanced day after day after day through the impossibl[illegible]ese span known as "the sun's anvil" toward a surprise attack on the Turkish held port of Aqaba, you know that, although Lawrence would be ham mered on that anvil, he would be hardened and not shattered by it. Yo know he would take Aqaba from the Turks and begin the chain of even that would free the Arab tribes from the yoke of Turkish domination.

The world was stunned by the news of Lawrence's capturing of th strategic, but heavily-fortified, port of Aqaba. "Impossible!" they sai But Lawrence himself with his young Arab aide had crossed the dese wastes of the Sinai Peninsula to deliver the news in person to the Britis army headquarters in Cairo. With the cooperation of the Arabs, the Britis could now wield death strokes to the Turkish army in the Middle East. B weakening the Turks, perhaps the entire German offensive in World War could be weakened. The world now had a hero in Lawrence. The Arab had a true friend and leader. And the Turks put a heavy reward for th capture of Lawrence. But amidst all this acclaim, Lawrence himself was i personal turmoil—confused, uncertain, yet driven by overwhelming sel assurance and fired by the rightness of the Arab cause.

No man is an island. He is shaped not only by his physical enviro ment, but also by the times in which he lives and by the people who touc his life. Lawrence was no exception, irritating and glorious. Genius thoug he was, if it had not been for the shrewd understanding of another geniu "organization man" General Allenby (Jack Hawkins), British commande in the Middle East at that time, the world might never have heard of T. E Lawrence. Allenby saw beneath and beyond Lawrence's annoying arro ance, oddness, and fluctuating self-doubts, and recognized his true value— to the British and to the Arabs. Unlike Allenby, most of us would put suc a man in his place or turn on him. Only the great, including the unreco nized garden-variety great of this world, can both tolerate and make cre tive use of a man born out of his time. Lawrence was a man of destiny a Allenby sensed this.

The story of Lawrence is a tragedy. He had hoped to free the man Arab tribes and unite them into one Arab nation. But he failed. H tried to make a nation of people whose primary loyalty was to their ow

Lawrence of Arabia (Peter O'Toole) and Auda Abu Tayi (Anthony Quinn), a fearless and glorified Arab warrior, plot together against Turkish domination of the land.

tribe and whose tribal hatreds would not be subordinated to a greater good. Lawrence thought of them as Arabs all, but they thought of themselves as Howeitats or Hariths. You cannot force people to *think* differently of themselves. It is a painfully-heartbreaking and long-term task to get them even to *act* differently.

The most bitter scene in "Lawrence" is the one inside the City Hall of Damascus after Lawrence and his Arab followers have taken it from the Turks days ahead of the arrival of Allenby's British troops. Crowded into the hall were leaders of the many Arab tribes—some well-educated but most accustomed to the rugged roaming of desert life. Lawrence thought here at long last he had brought into being an Arab Council through which an Arab nation would come into being. But tribal rivalries could not be overcome and inexperience in the ways of the modern world threw Damascus into havoc. For example, how do you get blood enemies to sit down peacefully at a council table to talk through their problems when such solutions in the past were settled by hand-to-hand fighting? In setting up the administration of a large city, what do you do when one tribe demands control of the water works and then won't provide water to the city's inhabitants unless that tribe gets its own way in city politics? Or how do you help desert horsemen whose only light has been an oil lamp suddenly to take over the technical maintenance of an electric power plant? Soon the Arabs themselves despaired. And most went back to their desert

homelands. Lawrence was left alone, desolate in an immobilized ci
His idealism, his love for the Arabs, his military genius, his perso
courage were no match for the political realities of the situation. He w
disillusioned.

Lawrence was a mortal man with unique personal powers yet
never could quite cope with either his humanness nor his extraordina
gifts. His own strength was his weakness, his victories became defeats,
popularity turned on him. Being a person of an abundance of talent
frustrating. How does a talented person face up to what he really is? H
does he know what his limitations are without stifling his abundance
ability? How does he free himself to make creative use of his talents a
yet keep his feet on the ground? And how can his efforts to hones
understand himself not be blinded by his personal popularity? The adm
ing public makes life difficult for—and often helps to destroy—the v
one we laud.

Lawrence himself in his autobiography, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom,*
sometimes mystifying, sometimes painfully self-revealing. "Some of
evil in my tale may have been inherent in our circumstances. . . .
were a self-centered army without parade or gesture, devoted to freedo
. . . As time went by our need to fight for the ideal increased to an
questioning possession, riding with spur and rein over our doubts. Wil
nilly it became a faith. We had sold ourselves into slavery. . . . By
own act we were drained of morality."

This is a great film. It is great because of the sensitive photograph
It is great because of Robert Bolt's script. Never a trite phrase, alwa
dialogue which is true to the moment and the character. Spectacular acti
but never awkwardly overwhelming. It is a great film because of the supe
performance of each actor, but especially that of Peter O'Toole as Lawren
New to the screen but a young veteran on the Shakespearean stage, O'To
catches all the mystery, mastery, and misery of the tragic hero. He co
bines a manly virility with beauty of countenance and manner. This i
great film because of the precise direction of David Lean and the visi
trust, and astuteness of producer Sam Spiegel.

In the final analysis, this is a great film because you're never aw
of any aspects of its greatness until the film is over. And then you h
to ponder what you've experienced. Awe and questions linger on. And
it is with the legend of Lawrence of Arabia. Awe and questions linger

Bill Warner, a freshman at Abilene Christian College in Abilene, Texas, has claimed a new record for the current college fad of spinning in clothes dryers. Bill went around for a dizzying total of 1066 spins. At the small cost of 25 cents Bill could guarantee that he was pretty dry behind the ears.

Black box with buttons makes cheating obsolete

A "cheatproof" machine is being used by a number of students in schools in Edinburgh, Scotland. The machine, which was developed by a Scottish electronics firm, is an ordinary looking black box with windows and push buttons. When questions appear in the windows, the student presses the button of his choice to answer the question. The machine can tell by the button pushed whether a student is bright or normal or needs further instruction. It therefore can decide to repeat the material in more detail or go on to new questions.

youth in the NEWS

United Church official lauds Domestic Peace Corps

The proposed Domestic Pea Corps was enthusiastically endors by Dr. Robert W. Spike, gene secretary of the Board for Homela Ministries of the United Church Christ. Dr. Spike declared th such a corps would make availab a number of people to help in are where the church can do nothi because of its own lack of resourc He went on to say that "the Pea Corps and the mission boards of t churches are not competitors in th programs or purposes. There ha been many consultations betwe them."

Employment more important than recreation for teens

Six churches in Kansas City, M have launched an employment s vice for teen-agers living in are prone to delinquency. Rev. Ke neth Waterman, Presbyterian m ister of one of the churches, co ments that "because the lures crime are ever present to teena standing around on street corne we feel it is more important to pla ten young persons in part-time e ployment than to have a recreati

program for 300. The service is open to youth in the tenth grade or above who are at least 14 years old. They may apply directly through the churches involved in the program.

Honor students comment on college entrance pressures

Honor students at a Port Washington, L. I., high school recently came up with some thought-provoking ideas when asked questions on the subject of college. Sue Dorfman, who wants to become a veterinarian, said: "You need college to get a good job. But, in high school too much emphasis is put on becoming admitted. I can't relax and enjoy my courses. I find myself working for grades, rather than for what the course has to offer." Ed Wing, who spent this last summer in Ireland, agrees that there is too much emphasis on college. "In Ireland, you don't go to college unless you definitely feel you want education for the sake of education. There is no need for mass education." Karl Maier, who wants to be a doctor, feels that "it would be nice to have an intellectual utopia but if you took away the marks, I'm afraid it wouldn't work." Finally, Jim Friedman, editor of the school newspaper, thinks that "the emphasis is good but, unfortunately, the emphasis is on the wrong reasons. Many students go to college without knowing why they want to go. They don't go to obtain an education, but because there is nothing better to do."

may we quote you?

- **Thinking is like loving and dying. Each of us must do it for himself.**—*Josiah Royce*
- **When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand him around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years.**—*Mark Twain*
- **Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie which we ascribe to Heaven.**
  —*William Shakespeare*
- **In war we'll have to worry about the guided missiles. But in peace, we do most of our worrying about what the misguided miss'll do.**
  —*Reed Sherman*
- **One of the best things about a very little child is that he never thanks you for doing things for him—he is so sure you wanted to.**
  —*Maurice Horspool*
- **If you do not feel as close to God as you once did, make no mistake about which one of you has moved.**
  —*Roger Babson*
- **Whatever a man prays for, he prays for a miracle. Every prayer reduces itself to this: "Great God, grant that twice two be not four."**
  —*Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenier*
- **Two went to pray? Oh, rather say One went to brag, the other to pray; One stands up close and treads on high Where the other dares not send his eye; One nearer to God's altar trod, The other to the altar's God.**
  —*Richard Crashaw*

The Music of Spain

Victoria de los Angeles is one of the exciting new singers of Spe ish Renaissance music.

Spanish music has always been around in abundanc but most of it, frankly, wasn't very Spanish. **Carm** has always been a great favorite in the opera house, a the same goes for **Chabrier's España** in the concert Many music lovers became familiar with Spanis flavored compositions by Glinka, Liszt, Rimsky-Kors koff, Debussy, Ravel—but paid little attention to t works of authentic Spanish creators. During the l

two decades, however, the picture has totally changed. The varied manifestations of Spanish music—choral, opera, operetta, symphonic, instrumental, flamenco, popular—can now be enjoyed, first hand in a recorded literature of unbelievable richness.

Easily the most fascinating of these recordings is a lavishly illustrated eye-filler called **Spanish Song of the Renaissance (Angel 35888)** in which the soprano Victoria de los Angeles presents vocal music of the 15th and 16th centuries, accompanied by a group of instruments that breathe the flavor of that bygone period: viols, recorders, and the *vihuela* —the lute-like forerunner of today's Spanish guitar. Some of these songs were written in the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and Columbus himself may have been humming them when he had nothing better to do on those long nights of his journey. Showing the influences of Gregorian chants and of Moorish and Hebraic legacy, this collection should command attention under any circumstances. But to hear this music brought to life through the noble and poetic art of Victoria de los Angeles is an experience to cherish.

Another disc of **Victoria de los Angeles (Angel 35775)** offers, by contrast, a bouquet of 20th century Spanish art songs. Through the creative art of Falla, Granados, Turina and Rodrigo we are treated here to a glowing panorama of regional lore: the fiery and melancholy moods of Andalucia, the subtle and sensitive colors of Catalonia, the lilting melodies of Madrid and Aragon—a kaleidoscopic richness deriving from centuries-old tradition. And again, captivating music is blended with inspired performing art, for nowhere does the artistry of Victoria de los Angeles cast a more bewitching spell than in the music of her native heritage.

Unlike vocal music, the symphonic music of Spain has never lacked representation on records, though not even the best of Falla or Albeniz could ever hope to compete in popularity with, say, the **Spanish Capriccio** of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Today, however, such major milestones of Spanish symphonic literature as Albeniz's **Iberia** and Turina's **Danzas Fantasticas (London CS 6194)** and Falla's **El Amor Brujo (Columbia MS 6147)** can be savored in stereo's tonal magnificence. Another disc sure to win enthusiastic partisans to Spanish musical culture, combines two unusual works in concerto form: Falla's **Nights in the Gardens of Spain** and Rodrigo's **Concerto de Aranjuez (London CS 6046).** The Falla work—for piano and orchestra—is a nostalgic sequence of Spanish evocations that haunt the native in a strange land. As played in this recording by pianist Gonzala Soriano, it is full of lush colors and languid harmonies. In the Rodrigo **Concerto,** the composer obtained a wonder-

ful effect by blending the guitar with orchestral textures. Narciso Yepes is the guitar soloist here, and Ataulfo Argenta leads the National Orchestra of Spain in both selections.

No discussion of Spanish music can be complete without reference to the admirable Andrés Segovia, who has done so much to make the Spanish guitar an internationally sought-after concert instrument. Segovia's absorbing art can be sampled on no less than fifteen LPs devoted to the instrumental literature of four centuries. A characteristically varied program may be found on **Decca 10034** which offers the virtuoso studies of Fernando Sor (a Spanish contemporary of Paganini) alongside the more modern writings of Granados and Rodrigo.

Fans of the classical guitar have, as a rule, little regard for flamenco art, considering the virtuoso efforts of the latter rather emptily clangorous. By contrast, flamenco enthusiasts tend to regard classical guitar playing as a triumph of mind over emotion—an altogether soulless experience compared with the sizzling passion of flamenco improvisations. Neither view is objective, of course. A powerful argument in favor of flamenco is offered by the wizardry of **Carlos Montoya**, whose latest disc (**RCA Victor LSP 2566**) recreates a live concert given at New York's Town Hall. Here, fiery flamenco evocations are interlaced with strains of Moorish and Caribbean origin. And to show that flamenco is not an isolated art, Mr. Montoya concludes his program with his own unique treatment of "St. Louis Blues."

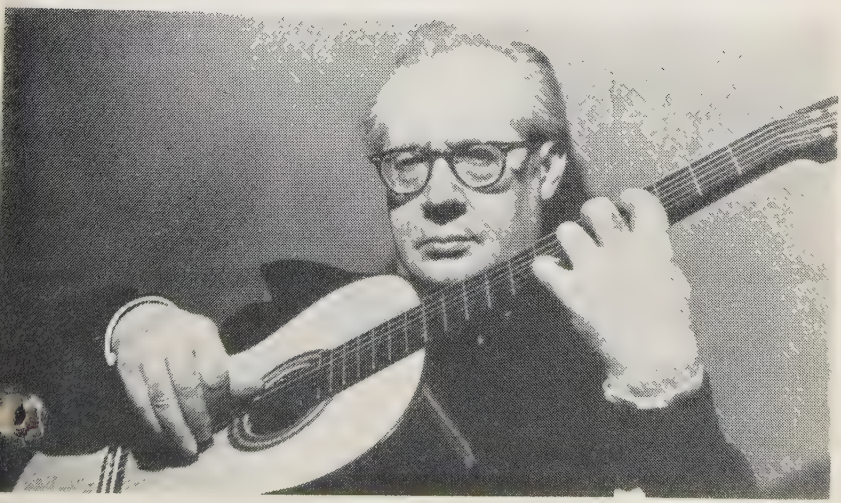
This analysis cannot begin to do justice to the vast representation of Spanish music on records. Surely, the zarzuelas, those enchanting light operettas that hold their own against some of the best Viennese and French examples of the style, should rate a chapter by themselves. Nor can more than a passing mention be given to the many discs by Escudero, Jose Greco, and other flamenco greats, the countless volumes devoted to rousing bullfight music, to say nothing of piano pieces by Albeniz and violin specialties by Sarasate. I cannot let

gothic h

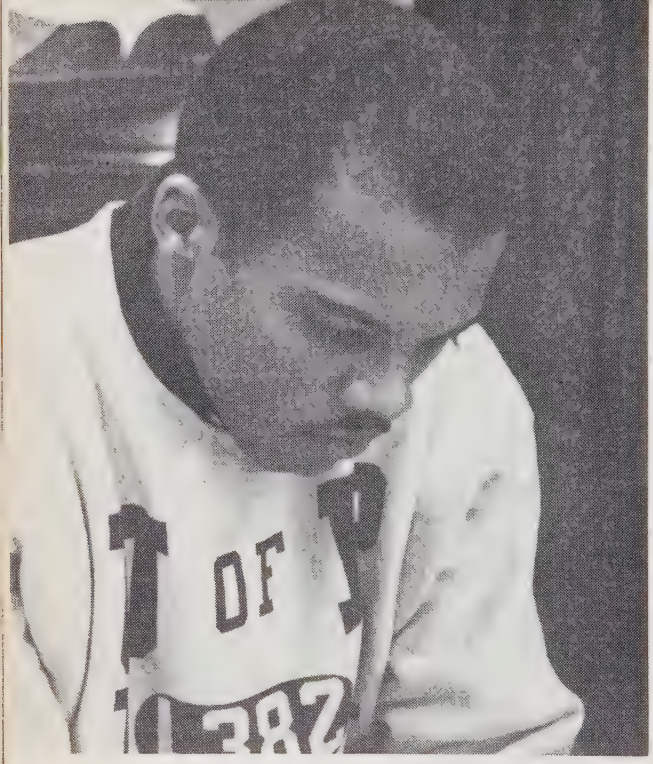
this opportunity go by, however, without calling attention to a young Spanish lady who may be the most spellbinding vocal performer on records today. Her name is Teresa Berganza. She is an unalloyed delight whether singing in opera, operetta, or Italian art songs and, I suspect, she could turn an Income Tax Report into enjoyable listening. More appropriate to this survey, she may be heard in two collections entitled **Music of Spain (London OS 25113 and 25116).** I cannot think of a more appealing introduction to the rich and colorful world of Iberian musical heritage.

—GEORGE JELLINEK

vihuela de mano



Andres Segovia is probably the best known classical guitarist in the world.



John Wideman

Ivy League Captain and Rhodes Scholar

In the chill dawn of a Friday last December, John Wideman left t campus of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, boarded train and went to Baltimore to keep an important engagement. T following evening he returned to Philadelphia, just in time for anoth engagement. This one was a basketball game.

John took to the floor and scored 18 points to lead the Penn team, which he is captain, to a tingling victory over Vanderbilt Universit Then he went to the house which he shares with nine other studen including three of his basketball teammates, and hopefully waited for telephone call from Baltimore. It came shortly before 11:30 P. M.

"Mr. Wideman," the caller asked, "how did your game go?"

"We won," John replied.

"Well," said the caller. "you won the game down here, too."

John had spent those two days in Baltimore being interviewed as o of 12 Eastern finalists in the Rhodes Scholarship competition for stu at Oxford University, England. Now, from among 544 formidab

candidates from colleges across the U. S., he had been named one of the 32 winners. At the same time, it was announced that another of the selectees, who will begin their studies at Oxford next October, is Joseph Sanders, of Whittier College in California. Sanders and 21-year-old John Wideman are the first American Negroes to win Rhodes Scholarships since 1907.

Youngest of five children of a waiter who also holds a part-time municipal job in Pittsburgh, John is a graduate of Pittsburgh's Peabody High School. Attending Penn on an academic scholarship, he now is a senior majoring in English literature. He is Phi Beta Kappa (national honorary scholastic fraternity) and a budding playwright.

On the basketball floor, Wideman is the hard-driving, never-give-up type of competitor. Comparatively small (six-feet-one, 185 pounds) by modern basketball standards, he nevertheless averages close to 20 points a game, and is the balance wheel of the Penn team. He twice has been named All-Ivy League. He also is on Penn's varsity track team.

What makes John Wideman tick? What does he, a Negro who has won one of education's highest honors, feel about the world in which he lives?

INTERVIEW

John, if you had to choose between being a scholar or an athlete, which would be your choice?

"I would hope that I could avoid making such a choice. I consider participation in sports as important as intellectual pursuits."

Why?

"They both involve competition. Through physical and intellectual competition, one can attain the ideal of 'a sound mind in a healthy body.' "

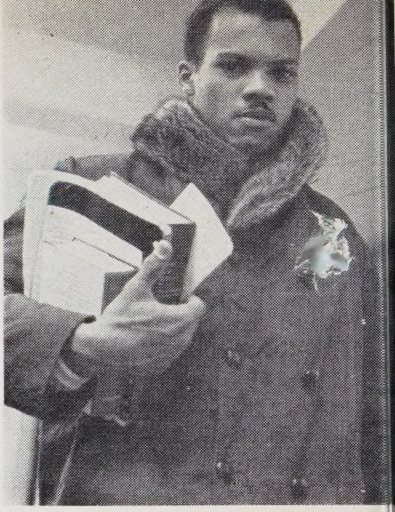
Is there any single factor which, more than any others, has been responsible for your success in athletics and in the classroom?

"I'd say it's the competitive urge. I have a desire to excel, to be the best I possibly can be, to contribute as much as I can to any activity in which I am engaged."

Would you say that your being a Negro has sharpened this desire?

"To some extent, I suppose. But I've never really thought of it in that regard. I want to excel as a human being."

Do you compare your



Have you ever experienced racial prejudice?

"Occasionally. There have been a few of the usual incidents, but I've never let them upset me. My parents taught me early in life to accept people for what they are. If some unthinking person wants to try to take his bias out on me, I know that it is because he doesn't know any better."

What about in sports? Have you ever been the target for racial slurs by opposing players?

"Never. Sports is like the arts—it isn't what you are, but what yo can do."

What are your feelings about James Meredith?

"I admire him. He is a man of great courage. But I find it ironic th he should have to endure what he's going through to exercise what is h right as a citizen of the United States."

Could you equate your situation with Meredith's?

"Absolutely not. Compared with Meredith, I've had no problems

Which came first to you—interest in learning or interest in sports?

"I was a sickly kid. I read a lot of mythology. That's how I g started on literature."

What started you in sports?

"I began playing basketball at a boys' club when I was about 12. wasn't very good at the game, and the other kids used to laugh at me. made up my mind then that I was going to excel."

Was basketball your best sport in high school?

"No. I played halfback in football, and I had several college footb scholarship offers. But I accepted the academic scholarship at Penn.

Why did you choose Penn?

"Because it offered what I considered the best combination of compet tive athletics and education."

tuation with that of James Meredith?

Why didn't you play college football?

"I felt I couldn't do justice to my studies if I played both football and basketball. Football had lost some of its attraction for me when I entered college. So I concentrated on basketball."

What is the most important thing you've learned in sports?

"The value of self-discipline. It's the realization that no one athlete can do it all by himself in a team sport. That's the most difficult thing—to be able to utilize your own ability to the utmost and still integrate yourself with the team."

What makes a winning team?

"Dedicated guys who work hard and sacrifice to make success possible."

When you won the Rhodes Scholarship you were accorded a good bit of national publicity. How did you feel about that?

"I'll confess something to you. For a few days, I was blinded by the glare. Then I realized that the glare was obscuring the true meaning of the honor. It wasn't really important that I, John Wideman, had achieved something. What was important was that I was a symbol of achievement within our country's educational system. I got my feet back on the ground, and they're going to stay there."

What will be your areas of concentration at Oxford?

"Language and literature. Eventually, I'd like to teach college English and write plays."

Are you a religious person?

"I have a firm faith. Right now, though, I'm going through what so many people of my age experience. I don't attend church as frequently as I should, and I find it all too easy to rationalize that failure. I'm a Methodist, but a back-sliding one at present. I am not proud of this, and I aim to correct it."

This interview will be read by teens. Is there anything you would like to say to them?

"Several things. First, whatever you set out to do, give it 100 percent effort. Second, benefit by the experiences of others, both successes and failures. And, finally, be honest with yourself."

—EDGAR WILLIAMS

Sometimes I feel so mixed up,
I don't know where to turn.

My problems seem so big and complex,
no solutions seem right or adequate.
I grope for answers that aren't there,
until I wonder if something's wrong with me.
If friends and family knew my torment,
would they laugh at my weakness?

The world overwhelms me. I'm confused.
My mind lacks answers. I'm afraid.
There's nobody to turn to. I'm lonely.
My thoughts are of me alone. I'm selfish.

Who can help me rise above it all,
if only for a moment,
to see some order amid confusion,
to glimpse truth amid the unknown,
to have confidence amid fear,
to envision purpose amid emptiness,
to give instead of get,
to know love that never fails?

I want to get outside myself,
not to escape but to see life
in a perspective that is bigger than I.
I do not seek easy answers,
but right answers.
I doubt and question,
but it is part of my searching.
I want to be loved,
because of what I am and do.

O God, who has formed life and knows all,
who seeks to save us from aimlessness and sin,
who loves us always,
Help me to trust thee as Father and Friend,
to unload my problems in thy presence,
to seek right answers in the light of thy will,
to give of myself in service to thee and others.

O God, help me to pray.